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SKIN FILM

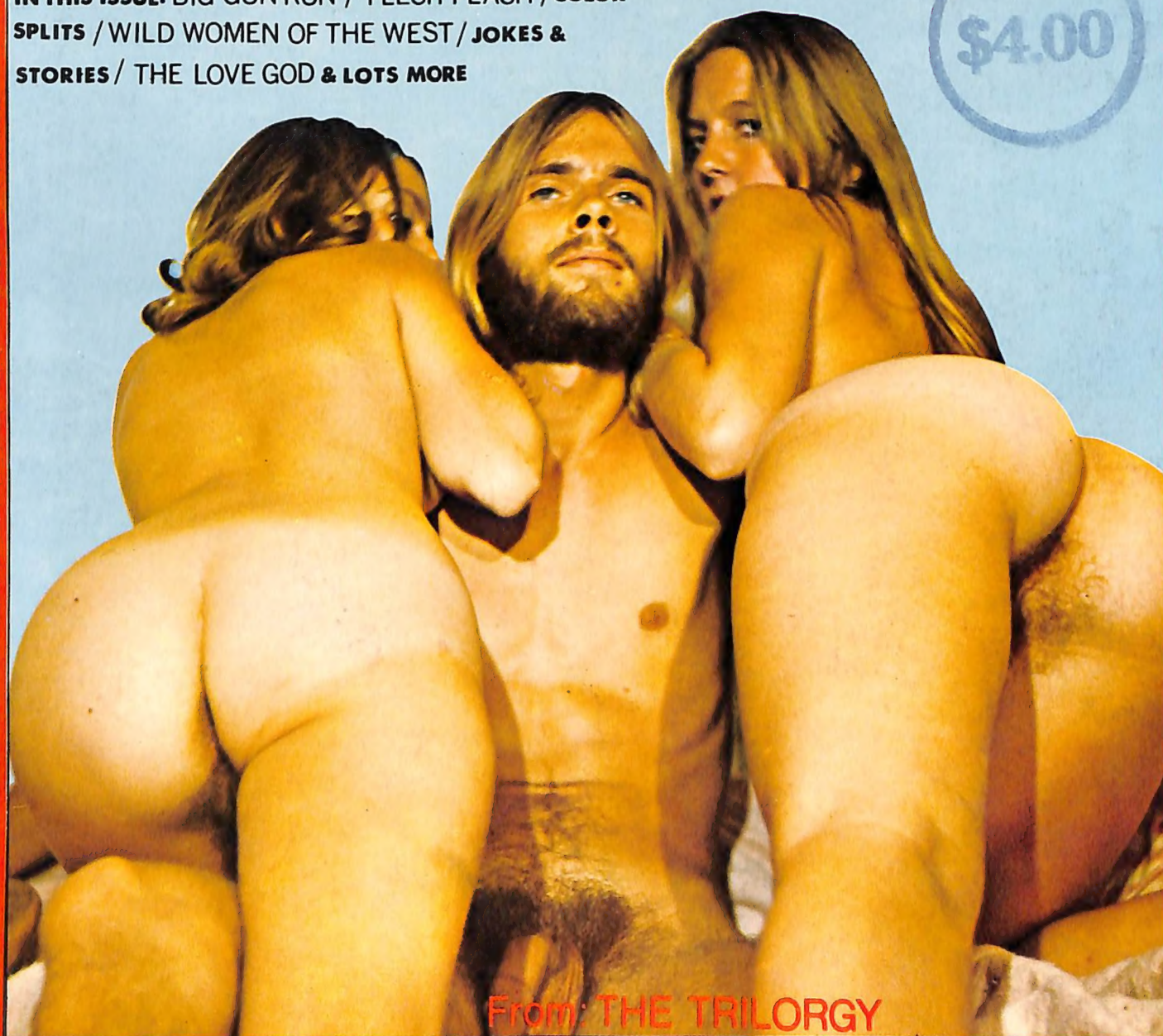
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EROTIC CINEMA REVIEWS

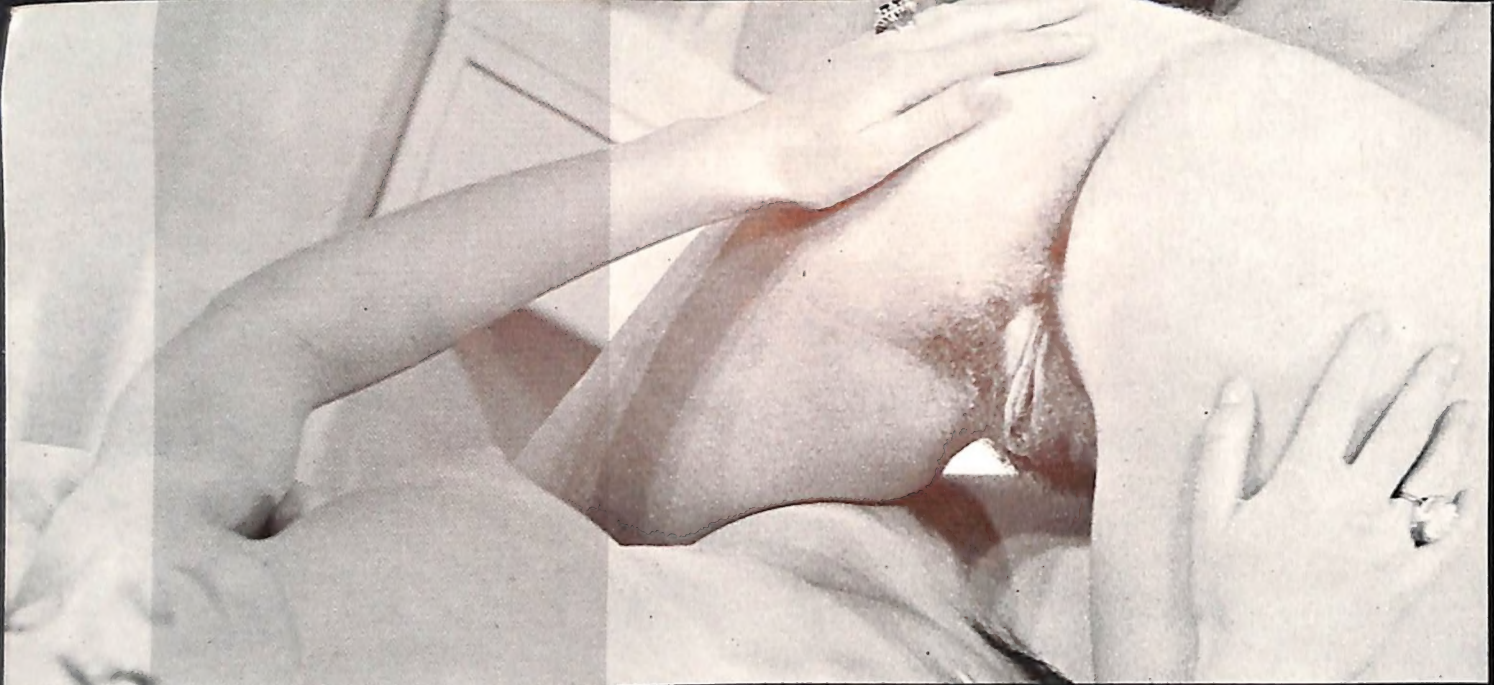
VOL 1 NO 1

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SPLITS / WILD WOMEN OF THE WEST / JOKES &
STORIES / THE LOVE GOD & LOTS MORE

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From: THE TRILOGY



Editor
Charles Barrows

Assistant Editor
Claire Alexander

Photographers
B. Milton
Jan Selzer

Art Director
Freddy Spencer

Sales Manager
J. Drykas

Distribution
U.S.A. and Canada

Models
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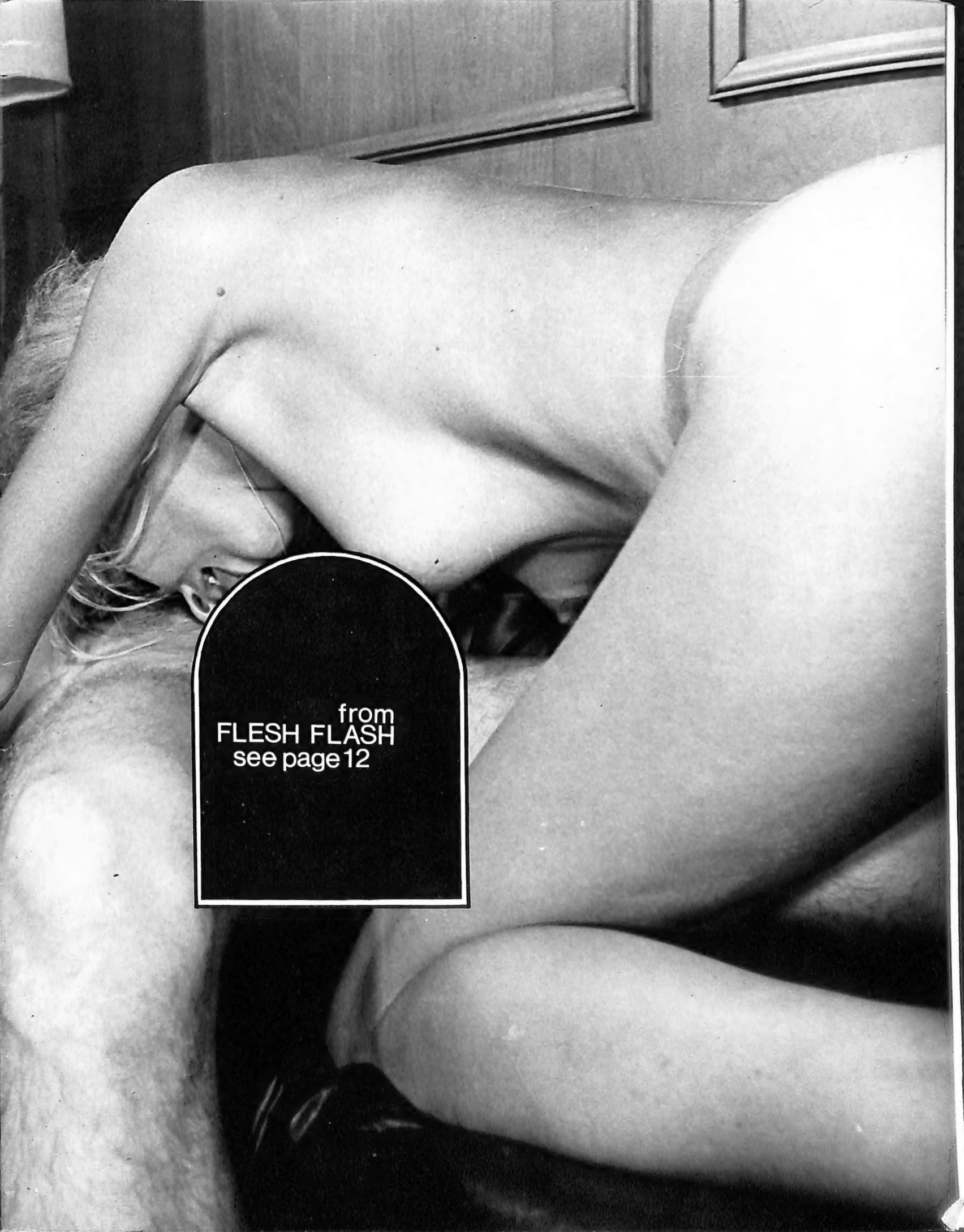
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A black and white photograph of a nude woman lying on her side, facing left. Her head is resting on her arm, and her legs are bent. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body. In the background, a wooden door with panels is visible. A black, arched text box is overlaid on the lower left portion of the image.

from
FLESH FLASH
see page 12

the **GREAT PIZZA PLOT**

Although it may be an overused theme, a farcical spy movie is always a lot of fun. You can be sure that filming of **THE GREAT PIZZA PLOT** was a real gas. Octavius Marlowe, the hero of the plot, is a dumb pizza delivery man. Little does he know that he is going about his everyday-as-usual deliveries today with a very special package.

Hidden within the crust of his pizza is a valuable document: a secret list of all the







call girls in Washington, D.C. Should this fall into enemy hands, it would be disastrously scandalous. For once the enemy is not Russian: it is the society of benevolent do-gooders known as CLOD.





"Anything to eradicate evil" is CLOD's motto, and they send their best agents, Erma Zilch and Peggy Pounder, the virtuous exorters of evil, against unexpected Octavius. "Where is the document," they demand after tying him up. But he really doesn't know that the pizza he was to deliver to Senator Peabody Greasypalm is anything but stuffed with anchovies.

"You are ours for sport until you reveal the secrets," they tell him, and continue to ravish poor Octavius in most unvirtuous fashions. Exhausted but with sealed





lips, he resumes unconsciousness. With no one to see them, the defenders of purity show their real colors and make it with each other.

But Senator Greasypalm works himself free from the

knots the women tied him in, sneaks away, and just as the two are about to eat the pizza and discover the papers, a special carrier pigeon of the FBI snatches the pizza. It's corny, but kinda cute—Ed.





FLASH

One of the cinema techniques that has been developed by young film makers is the "flashing" approach, from which **FLESH FLASH** takes its name. This requires, even for the shortest of productions, a roomfull of still photographs and film clippings.

Essentially, **FLESH FLASH** is a 20-minute film editor's orgy. It begins with very old tint types, garter-belt era girlie photos of pre-1940 origin, and some almost slapstick footage that must have really turned on the World War I vets.

Speeding on from this in its review of girlhood, the film is fast-paced indeed, with sometimes less than half a second spent on a single photo. **FLESH FLASH**'s musical score is a collage of bongos, Beatles, Bach, and anything else, and the effect is quite well suited in mood to the visual sequences.

With a clickety, click, click feeling in your head, you're carried to more modern split-beaver and beyond times. Using just a few of the thousands of different frames, we've tried to present some







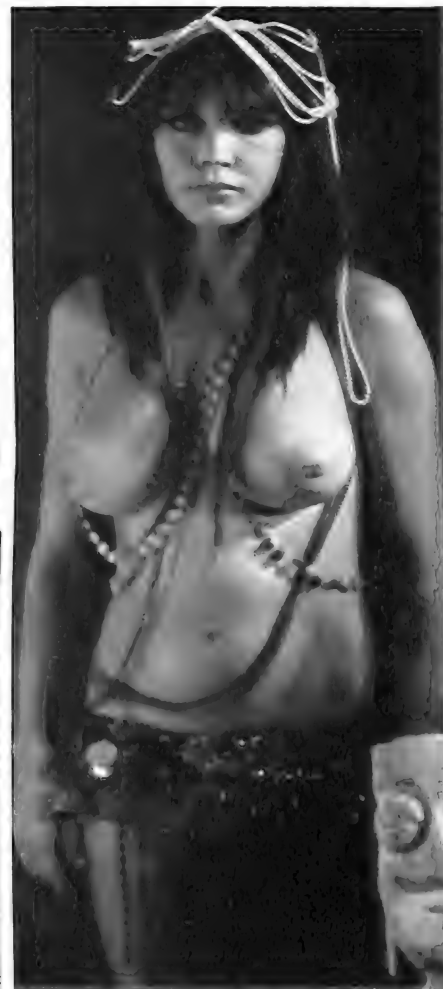
quick graphic illustrations of what **FLESH FLASH** contains—but there's so much more that was really great material. You'll just have to put this one on your "must see" list.

Originality, nudie-movie wise, sparks forth in the concluding moments with flashing color photos which fade to art, then split like broken glass into a screenfull of lovemaking images. In beautiful, sensual film movements,





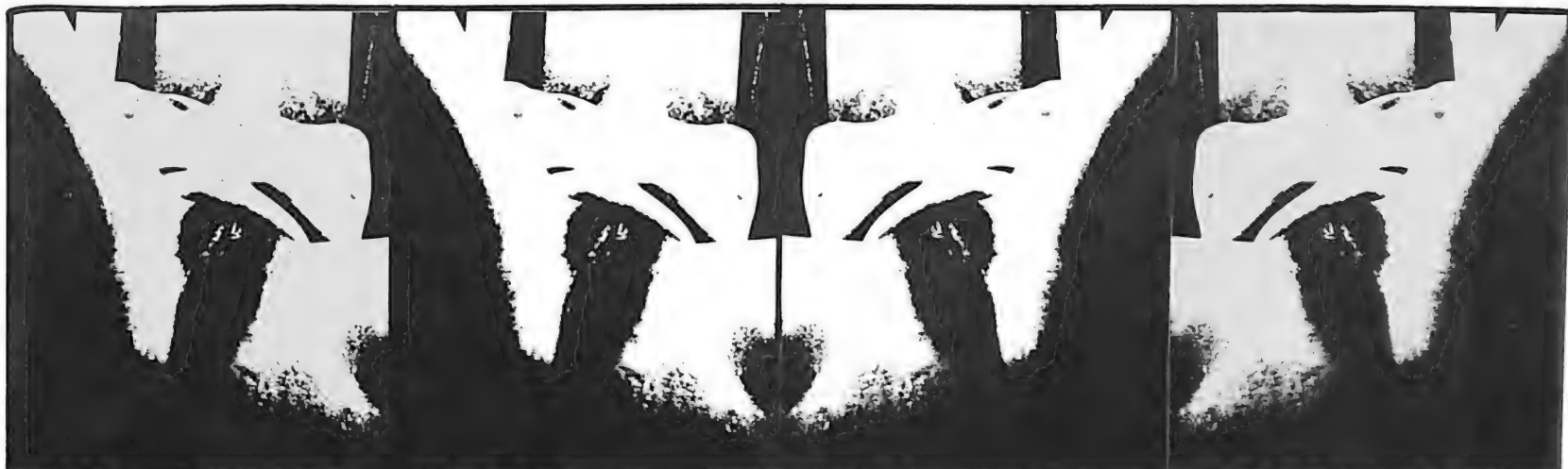







FLESH FLASH becomes predictive in the finale. Perhaps the beautiful, tender feeling of these erotic avant-garde last sequences suggest the new direction of girlie and nudie art: super-artistic and no-holds-barred. Let's hope so . . . it's a lot more exciting, more lasting in impact, and you just feel happy that you've viewed the film.





WILD WOMEN_{OF THE} WEST





Almost a documentary, **WILD WOMEN OF THE WEST** tries to capture the private lives of some real women who tails blazed trails through the frontier.

In vignette style, the film tells first the story of Erma Carter, the Belle of Stagg, Wyoming, who was raised from childhood by miners in the lusty town. Mavis Kaye, the foot soldier who loved her, tries everything to tame the shrew, to no avail.





Their love affair, though sad, is robust and tender all at once.

Alice and Mary Harris were known as the "Women most killed for." Twins, the two made a pact when young to live lives together and alike—even unto their singular man. With two nympho-like beauties like these, no man could last long, and the







tale is almost a story of how the fellow gets away from them. Eventually, they became feared by all men—they were sure death. So they took to robbing trains and stage coaches—for men!

The other sequences describe a character that might be very similar to Annie Oakley, an Indian maid who pulled herself up by her breechcloth into frontier society, and a handful of robust and lovely takes of the real Western scene . . . as it most likely was in those days.







the
WEST:
Wild
&
Wooley
Women!





THE Love GOD

The lusty tale
of an explorer
who found
everything !

It is written upon their temple:
"THE MOTHER SEA SHALL
BEAR THE GOD OF LOVE UN-
TO YOU, AND HE SHALL
SHOW YOU ONE PATH FROM
ANOTHER."

Taking its setting on a lush island
in the Caribbean, THE LOVE GOD
is more than just another nudie film.
Indeed, it explores the fate of hu-
manity, from the first apple bite.

Martin Expin sails from Lisbon,
Portugal, in the Fourteenth Cen-
tury Galleon never to return, as far
as Europeans are concerned. But
fate shows that his life is just be-
ginning.

The voyage of the vessel "The
Decision" is intended to transport
Maria Garcia Francisco to the
Canary Islands for her marriage to
a prominent official. Storms carry





the ship far out to sea, and a drunken captain finally admits that he is a phony and doesn't even know navigation.

The crew holds a kangaroo court, deciding to murder the captain. Martin, as their leader, is appointed executor. But he is unable to kill the sniffling captain, and he tells his shipmates:

"What one of us could know why we stand here today? Surely none knows the will of God Almighty. We are all sinners, and we do not know truth. We cannot pass judgement on this man, for we ourselves

do not know the good and evil of him: God alone knows that. If we kill him, we say that we are gods, and that is surely a sin."

They leave the captain to his own misery. The lost weeks at sea are spent ravishing the sole female passenger, Maria. After some rollicking chase scenes about the vessel, she learns to thoroughly enjoy the passions of the lusty sailors.

To return to Spain means hanging, so they press toward the rising sun. When they sight the lush isle of Mactu during a storm, they head directly for it. None thought of the





possibility of reefs, and the ship is splintered upon the underwater rocks.

Martin is the sole survivor of the tragedy, and he breaks a fever some time later under the care of natives, who have already convinced themselves that he is the Love God of their legends.

All is pleasant for him as supreme ruler of the islands. Because he is the most desired of all men, any woman of his choosing is his bed partner. Each time he regains enough strength to make love to one, a hundred more are gathered around hoping to attract his affections.

His favorite is Teno, a lovely girl whose hair shines like moonlight. Their first meeting sparks a tender wordless love scene on a mountain-side. He takes her to his palatial home.

All of his experiences on Mactu are not carnal. He revises the health standards, improves the architecture, and leaves the natives much knowledge of contemporary European technology. Some of this becomes quite humorous, such as the scenes teaching the use of toilets as well as an attempt at Christianity that finds his favorite pupils trying to crucify each other the following day.

But trouble comes when Teno's former lover attempts to kill Martin. The wound is not fatal, and the method of death prescribed for the

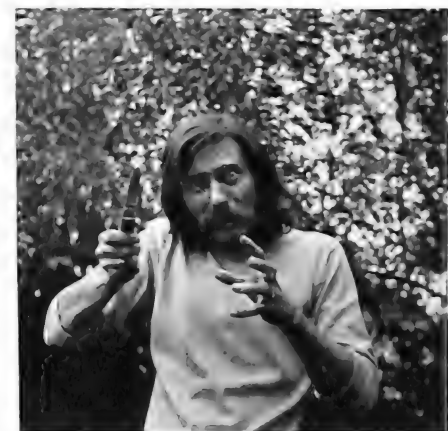












boy is left in Martin's unwilling hands. According to native law, he must destroy the boy with his own hands or commit suicide.

Thereby, the film climaxes its theme: decisions of fate (such as taking another man's life) can be delayed, but must, in the end, be answered.

Tears falling down his cheeks, Martin appears with death spear in hand. As he plunges it forward, the camera zooms in upon his face, which ages, wrinkles, and greys as the final credits appear.

With excellent photography and writing, *THE LOVE GOD* is a robust and sensual film with a refreshingly meaningful story to tell. The scenes may make it a little too hot for the Academy to consider, but it's well worth noting on your entertainment list.

METAMORPHOSIS:

Buzz Fuzz



Maybe tomorrow, the story of **BUZZ FUZZ** will be something you hear every day, like a soap opera theme. Buzz Mathews is a veteran returning from war. After four years departure from America, spent in the military, he is hardly able to realize the changes the country has undergone . . . especially the sexual ones.

She had a
new beat
for him...





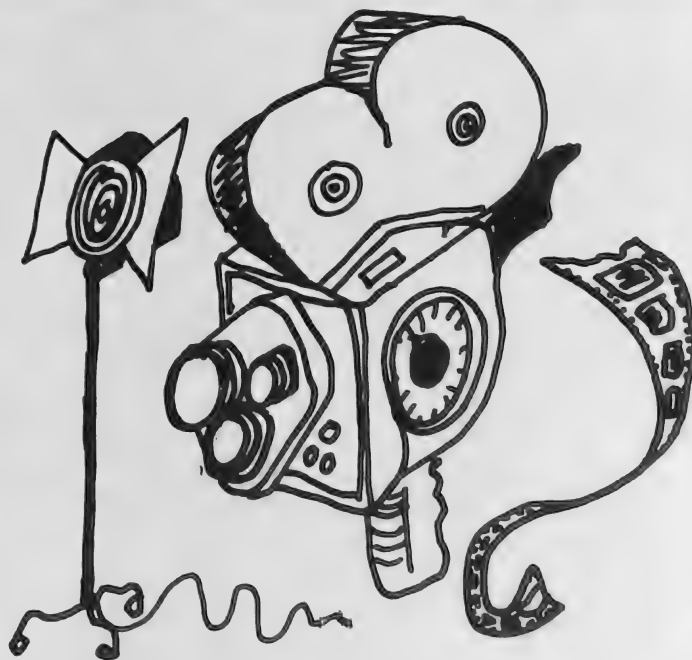
After joining the police force, he begins with raids of adult book stores and a quick sequence of rousting lovers' lanes, etc. He is so efficient, he turns into an undercover officer, and begins to case out modelling agencies: the police's next target.

But his involvement as an undercover

gets intimate, and soon he is having love affairs with the girls in the agency. In his work, he realizes the exposure of sex to the public is helping reduce sexual crimes: a mistake for a cop, for he sees that what he is doing is all wrong.







His most torrid affair (and the thing that's hottest in the movie) is the scene the director calls "my greatest turnabout" in which Buzz makes love to beautiful Michelle, who he is setting up for an arrest. For the first time, Buzz finds out that there's more than one door to pleasure . . . even though it's illegal in court.



Disillusioned with legal matters, Buzz quits the police department, gets himself a steady job, grows sideburns and joins a swinger's club. The end of BUZZ FUZZ shows the legs of Buzz and another girl, locked together in passion, in the middle of a field. When she's not looking, he tosses something away, and in modesty the film ends with his badge lying among the weeds and flowers.



INTERMISSION:

cinechuckles

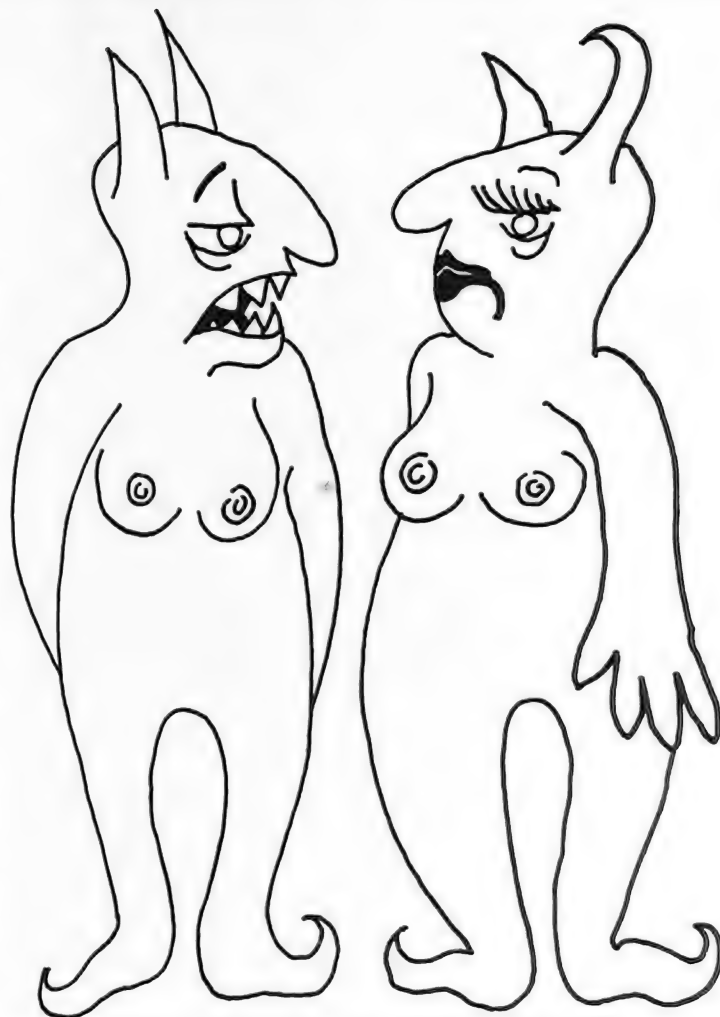
Little stone fences line many small roads in Mexico. Upon one such fence one day sat Pedro, shoulders drooping in the sun. Along came Pancho, heading up the mountain. Pedro hailed him: "Good morning, Pancho. What do you have in your hand and where are you going?" Pancho held out his hand with a flower in it and replied: "You see, Pedro, here I have a little flower. I am going up the mountain, and when I return, I shall have a whole sack full of fresh ground flour." Pedro guffawed and waved him on, but that evening Pancho came back from the mountain and surely, he had a sack of flower! The next day, at the same stone fence, Pancho passed Pedro again, and Pedro said: "Good morning, Pancho. What do you have in your hand this morning?" Pancho replied: "You see in my hand, Pedro, I have a butterfly, and when I return from the mountain today, I shall have a pound of butter!" Pedro laughed him on again, but was astounded that evening when Pancho returned with a pound of very high grade butter. The next morning, as Pedro sat on the same fence, Pancho approached again. "What do you have in your hand now?" asked Pedro, and Pancho replied: "I have a whole handful of pussy willows, and . . ." Pedro interrupted: "Wait a minute, I'll come along with you, my friend!"

The difference inherent between Northern girls and Southern girls: Northern girls say "You can" and southern girls say "You All can!"

THE BEST FUCK IN THE FOREST: Once upon a time, a very, very long time ago

indeed, there was a large forest that covered most of the world we know. There were no men then, so the animals spoke to each other. All things in the forest were in harmony, and all the creatures were joyous and happy. And of all the creatures in the forest, one particular rabbit was best loved. For this rabbit was known to all females as the best fuck in the forest, and sometimes in their fall orgies, he got so involved in his sport that he added one foot to his normal love appendage exercises. Because of this, the creatures called him: "Foot." But one day, from just beyond the edge of the forest, another rabbit hopped into the happy land. News spread quickly of this rabbit, and at the fall orgy, the new rabbit got so involved that he jumped in with both feet. Foot had been out-fucked! But he was the loving type, without a jealous bone in his body, and so he became best friends with the new rabbit, who was always just a little better than Foot. And because of this obvious advantage, all the creatures called the new rabbit: "Foot-Foot." And all was happy again in the forest. Until one day, from a very unknown country, another rabbit came hopping. HOP HOP HOP . . . HOP HOP HOP—this was a strange rabbit indeed, for he had three legs to hop upon. His fame spread quickly through the forest, and when the fall orgy came around, the newest rabbit got so involved that he went in with all three feet. Foot and Foot-Foot had both been out-fucked! But Foot and Foot-Foot had not a jealous bone in their bodies, and they made friends with the newcomer. Soon all three were happily hopping through the forest,

and everyone was happy. And because the newcomer was just a little bit better than Foot-Foot, and, of course, a whole lot better than old Foot, they gave him the name of "Foot-Foot-Foot." Time passed in the forest, and one day Foot-Foot-Foot came hopping along the path and came upon Foot-Foot. Foot-Foot was sullen and sad—this was the first time Foot-Foot-Foot had ever seen Foot-Foot so unhappy. "Foot-Foot," said Foot-Foot-Foot, "tell me why you are so distraught." Foot-Foot only sobbed, and Foot-Foot-Foot consoled him: "Tell me your troubles, Foot-Foot. I'm Foot-Foot-Foot, your best friend with Foot, and you can share your sorrows with me." Foot-Foot cried. "Oh, Foot-Foot-Foot, it's awful. How can I ever tell you?" Poor Foot-Foot choked, and the words came through his tears: "My, Foot-Foot's, and your, Foot-Foot-Foot's, best and truest friend, Foot, has dropped dead." Foot-Foot wept again, and Foot-Foot-Foot sighed: "I suppose you, Foot-Foot, and I, Foot-Foot-Foot, can say now we've got one foot in the grave."



HE'S A GOOD DEVIL, BUT TOO HORNY FOR ME!

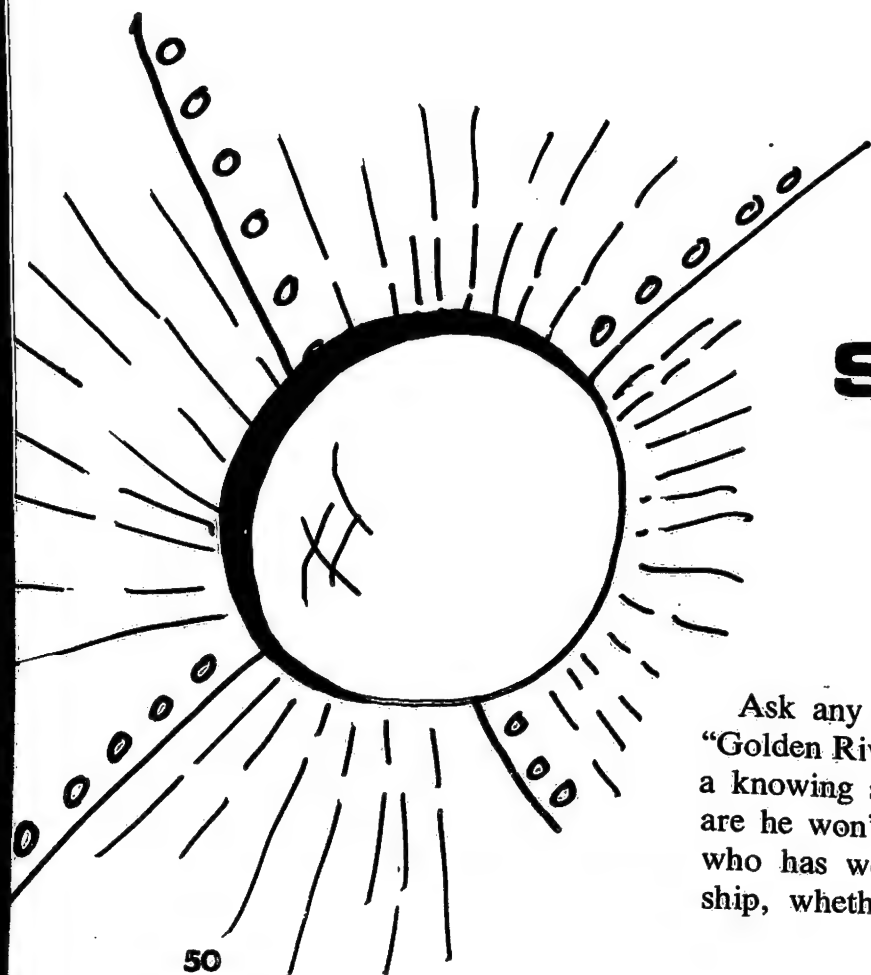
Who wears a mask, rides a white horse, shouts "Hi, Ho, Silver!," and grows to twice his size when he gets excited? The Long Phallus.

There was a guy who sold new outhouses in the country. He guaranteed them not to shrink, warp, rust or, especially, stink. This old lady bought one, used it, and then called the man to complain that it stank. He came out, inspected it, and said: "No wonder it stinks . . . you shit in it."

The newlyweds stopped at a farm house and made a deal to bed down for the night. By noon the next day they were not up yet, so the farmer hollered for them to come get up and have breakfast. "We're living on the fruits of love!" cried back the groom. "Go ahead and eat your fruit," shouted the farmer, "but quite throwing the damned peels out the window . . . they're choking the ducks."



THE GOLDEN RIVET



THE SAGA OF SEX AT SEA

Ask any seaman about the "Golden Rivet" and he'll smile a knowing smile, but chances are he won't explain. Anyone who has worked on board a ship, whether it be a luxury

liner or a tramp steamer will know what the "Golden Rivet" is all about, he may have even inspected it himself.

In days of old when men were bold and went to sea in sailing ships, they were sailing a long time, not only without the sight of land, but without the sight of a woman. It was then the youthful cabin boy became more attractive every day. The salty, or should one say "sexy" old captain was an experienced man. He knew what it was like to be without a woman and he also knew how to solve the problem. He chose a healthy, good looking young boy with the bloom of innocence in his face and the never-ending curiosity of youth for his cabin boy. Then once they were at sea he took him down to see the "Golden Rivet."



Naturally the newcomer was very interested in this nautical innovation of sex-starved seamen and went with the captain to his cabin to satisfy his curiosity. As he bent down to inspect the shining little wonder, the Captain satisfied a lot more than his curiosity and the young boy went to bed a wiser, and sorier, young man.

The tradition of the "Golden Rivet" is still carried on, but today, life on board a modern ship is not quite so rugged. The captain is often accompanied by his wife and has no need of a young cabin boy. As for the rest of the crew, well once you leave port sex looms on the horizon and everyone has a ball. The husky young males strip off their shirts, expose their broad backs to the sun and go about their work

like sizzling sex maniacs gnawing on their work-worn finger nails until they get their hands on the next whore . . . well at least some of them do. The others? Well they are the wiser ones. They don't have to expose their backs and work like slaves. They don't gnaw on their nails either, it might ruin them. They also don't have to wait until the next port for a whore because there are enough whores on board the ship. The only difference is they don't have quite the same brand of plumbing and they don't charge either.

Take the case of the old rust-bucket the S.S. LIMERICK. I was the Radio Officer on board that old tub and kept my finger on the morse key, my nose in the galley and my ear to the bulkhead (wall) and quite often

strained my eyes staring through carelessly drawn cabin curtains. I was the "hear all, see all, and know nothing," on that old tub. I even knew where the "Golden Rivet" was located . . . and there ain't many seamen that will admit that. Of course I'm just admitting I knew where it was **LOCATED**. I didn't say I inspected it closely enough to find out if it was gold.

Vince was the tallest, broadest, most suntanned, most handsome, most sought after, most well endowed, most desirable stud there was on that ship. He was the first ashore and the last one back on board. He knew all the whores in every port and most of them would give it to him for free . . . **YEAH**, he was **THAT** good.

Now you would think a guy

with that many assets going for him would rest on his laurels and not try his luck on the other side of the fence. Well he did. No sooner had the ship moved away from the dock en route to another whore-ridden sex port, than Vince was out on deck, broad back, tight working shorts and that unbelievable basket all on view, shopping for some relief for his pent-up juices during the forthcoming trip.

Now when a stud like this is up for grabs, you can bet all the ones on the other side of the fence are going to be out sharpening their claws, rinsing their hair and dragging out those glad rags in order to attract such a prize. The one who dragged the furthest, rinsed the longest and scratched the hardest, won. Vince would do the dragging from then on. Dragging the winner in and out of bed like a whore in the middle of a Boot Camp. Vince was known to give a lot if you could take a lot. If you couldn't take a lot . . . well that was too bad, you should have gone prepared.

What happened to the rest of the scratched up losers? Well they licked their wounds, repainted those nails and took second best. On a tramp ship there are at least fifteen to twenty broad backed males anxious for a little relief and at least ten primped up little broads anxious for a lot of male. On a long trip very few are disappointed.

One wild party with all the stops out does more for everyone's morale than a raise in pay. You can't spend money in the middle of the Pacific.

Some of the parties wind up in a glorious daisy chain and everyone is easy pickin's.

It is truly a strange environment on board a ship. Like a small little community, each one relying on the other. The deckhand, the greaser, the Radio Officer and the Mate are all needed in running the ship. It's hard to keep secrets with such close contact, so why bother.

Let's go back to Vince. He was tall, blonde and again I say, very desirable. From my lofty position near the Captain's cabin I could only OBSERVE and not INDULGE, which was too bad because it's better to do than watch.

Back to Vince. He was very desirable. The whores would line up on the dock to meet him and line up again to wave him goodbye, waving their . . . well whatever it is that whores wave when they line the dock to wave goodbye. Vince would throw them a kiss and then check over the new arrivals. There were no passengers, but quite often a new crew member would be signed on. The ship was away from the dock, but those stupid whores were still waving their whatzits. As they were too far away for physical contact, Vince was no longer interested. (It would stretch, but not that far.) He soon stripped to the waist, squeezed into his shorts, adjusted his little money-maker and went to work.

Cora the cook was very interested, but Cora was forty-four, fat and looked like Captain Bligh of the BOUNTY. Added to this he/she was a lousy

cook and nobody liked him/her. Cora's chances of bedding down with the handsome Vince were worse than a snowball in hell. With Cora's assistant, it was a different matter. He was a tall innocent looking youth with the bloom of youth in his cheeks and youthful cheeks in his bloomers . . . and he wore bloomers too . . . but not when he was in the galley with Cora. (Cora was the only one who could doll up in there.)

Back to the tall, blooming youth. He had entry into the galley and could cook up a storm with all the goodies he managed to steal when Cora wasn't looking. He had the perfect ace (That's ACE) up his sleeve. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach . . . or at least it is if he is hungry for food, and luckily, Vince was ALWAYS hungry and quite often it was for food. So our blooming youth put his ace, (That's ACE) to work and cooked up a storm of ham and eggs and french fries and everything else that Vince loved. He put the pan by the galley porthole and let nature take it's course. Vince sniffed, entered the galley and ate the food. The blooming youth sniffed, entered Vince's cabin and ate him. It was love at first sight. Vince loved the sight of our heroine's (?) pan of food, and our heroine (?) loved the sight of Vince's basket of goodies. So it was a fair deal and a good time was had by all.

Well at least those two made out. How about everyone else on the ship that liked to eat? Cora found all her goodies

missing and had nothing to tempt the bosun. If the bosun isn't tempted, he won't come . . . and you can say that again.

Now the prize stud was taken by a gastronomical trick, the other husky males were literally up for grabs. What little goodies did the others have to offer except their voluptuous bodies? Charles or Charlotte ran the "slop chest." This is really the ship's shop. It depends on who is running it whether it's a ship's shop or a shop of shit. Charlotte was a lousy shop keeper with nothing interesting for sale. Charlotte wasn't very interesting either and there was nothing she/he had that could be sold. In fact she/he was very lucky to give it away. However . . . this stupid four eyed little bitch did have the key to the beer cabinet which made her (despite atrocious looks) a very desirable person. She had one big asset (That's ASSET) the cabinet key which opened the door to about a hundred cases of cold beer. So Charlotte made up with the second best stud. Not because she/he was good in bed, but because she had the key under the pillow.

Mildred or Michael was a spotty faced little disaster who could swing her/his fanny better than any Hollywood movie queen. The only thing she had going for her was the fact her/his hair was a natural blond, a fact she was willing to prove at the drop of her drawers. However she ran away with the third best stud because she cleaned up the Old Man's cabin and knew all the secret orders where the ship was bound

for. When she curled up with her lover she didn't whisper sweet nothings in his ear, she let go with all the ports that were on the list. For such valuable information she was rewarded with a little loving where it hurt the most.

The husky males seek out various forms of relief while the ship is at sea. The sex-hungry not-so-husky types are willing to play second fiddle to a bunch of money grabbing whores. Dolling up in their wild outfits they drag their way around the ocean lanes with a sex hungry group of captive males. After two days at sea, and no woman in sight, even spotted faced Matilda looks good.

Steve or Stella, depending whether it's his mother or lover calling, is quite an expert with a steam iron. He irons shirts better than any laundry. Stella just loves to press those wrinkles out of your shirt while it's still on your back, especially if it's broad, muscular and well suntanned. A little laundry goes a long way. Squeezing your duds through soapy water is quite a chore taken off your hands. Of course a plate of food or a cold beer is better, but it's something to have a clean well ironed shirt to go ashore in and meet your favorite whore. So Stella can have her pick (That's PICK) because she can make with the steam iron.

So what do these seafaring "gals" do when the ship is in port and the whores take over the sex chores? Do they sit around and play with each other? Not a chance. They

shop for goodies and act as a rescue mission should one of their men get into trouble. They don't carry banners outside the local whorehouse, but they would like to. They search for drunken seamen and bring them back to bed, saving them from the wicked whores.

The famed Mister Kinsey should have done a little snooping on board ship. His report may have been a little more surprising. Even the huskiest of males will start shopping for sex in an all male market if there isn't any females around. The assistant cooks with their ham and eggs and the cross-eyed Charlottes with a crate of cold beer under the bed are prizes worth considering . . . even at their price. They make out a lot better than little Mary who can only clean a cabin, make a bed and swoosh dust under the carpet. The chances are Mary Mary is not in the least contrary and is quite willing to go down and inspect the "Golden Rivet" morning, afternoon and all night. She's competing with ham and eggs and a cold beer.

If you are thinking of going off to sea. You'll need a little more than a dustpan and broom to make out. If you can't cook, make with the steam iron or hold the key to the beer cabinet, then you had better develop a wiggle like Matilda. Better still develop a muscular back, get plenty of suntan and learn how to operate a radio, then you can tell all those idiots to take the "Golden Rivet" and shove it up their air conditioning outlet.

Sex at sea is how you make it.

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Now when a stud like this is up for grabs, you can bet all the ones on the other side of the fence are going to be out sharpening their claws, rinsing their hair and dragging out those glad rags in order to attract such a prize. The one who dragged the furthest, rinsed the longest and scratched the hardest, won. Vince would do the dragging from then on. Dragging the winner in and out of bed like a whore in the middle of a Boot Camp. Vince was known to give a lot if you could take a lot. If you couldn't take a lot . . . well that was too bad, you should have gone prepared.

What happened to the rest of the scratched up losers? Well they licked their wounds, repainted those nails and took second best. On a tramp ship there are at least fifteen to twenty broad backed males anxious for a little relief and at least ten primped up little broads anxious for a lot of male. On a long trip very few are disappointed.

One wild party with all the stops out does more for everyone's morale than a raise in pay. You can't spend money in the middle of the Pacific.

Some of the parties wind up in a glorious daisy chain and everyone is easy pickin's.

It is truly a strange environment on board a ship. Like a small little community, each one relying on the other. The deckhand, the greaser, the Radio Officer and the Mate are all needed in running the ship. It's hard to keep secrets with such close contact, so why bother.

Let's go back to Vince. He was tall, blonde and again I say, very desirable. From my lofty position near the Captain's cabin I could only **OBSERVE** and not **INDULGE**, which was too bad because it's better to do than watch.

Back to Vince. He was very desirable. The whores would line up on the dock to meet him and line up again to wave him goodbye, waving their . . . well whatever it is that whores wave when they line the dock to wave goodbye. Vince would throw them a kiss and then check over the new arrivals. There were no passengers, but quite often a new crew member would be signed on. The ship was away from the dock, but those stupid whores were still waving their whatzits. As they were too far away for physical contact, Vince was no longer interested. (It would stretch, but not that far.) He soon stripped to the waist, squeezed into his shorts, adjusted his little money-maker and went to work.

Cora the cook was very interested, but Cora was forty-four, fat and looked like Captain Bligh of the **BOUNTY**. Added to this he/she was a lousy

cook and nobody liked him/her. Cora's chances of bedding down with the handsome Vince were worse than a snowball in hell. With Cora's assistant, it was a different matter. He was a tall innocent looking youth with the bloom of youth in his cheeks and youthful cheeks in his bloomers . . . and he wore bloomers too . . . but not when he was in the galley with Cora. (Cora was the only one who could doll up in there.)

Back to the tall, blooming youth. He had entry into the galley and could cook up a storm with all the goodies he managed to steal when Cora wasn't looking. He had the perfect ace (That's **ACE**) up his sleeve. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach . . . or at least it is if he is hungry for food, and luckily, Vince was **ALWAYS** hungry and quite often it was for food. So our blooming youth put his ace, (That's **ACE**) to work and cooked up a storm of ham and eggs and french fries and everything else that Vince loved. He put the pan by the galley porthole and let nature take its course. Vince sniffed, entered the galley and ate the food. The blooming youth sniffed, entered Vince's cabin and ate him. It was love at first sight. Vince loved the sight of our heroine's (?) pan of food, and our heroine (?) loved the sight of Vince's basket of goodies. So it was a fair deal and a good time was had by all.

Well at least those two made out. How about everyone else on the ship that liked to eat? Cora found all her goodies

missing and had nothing to tempt the bosun. If the bosun isn't tempted, he won't come . . . and you can say that again.

Now the prize stud was taken by a gastronomical trick, the other husky males were literally up for grabs. What little goodies did the others have to offer except their voluptuous bodies? Charles or Charlotte ran the "slop chest." This is really the ship's shop. It depends on who is running it whether it's a ship's shop or a shop of shit. Charlotte was a lousy shop keeper with nothing interesting for sale. Charlotte wasn't very interesting either and there was nothing she/he had that could be sold. In fact she/he was very lucky to give it away. However . . . this stupid four eyed little bitch did have the key to the beer cabinet which made her (despite atrocious looks) a very desirable person. She had one big asset (That's ASSET) the cabinet key which opened the door to about a hundred cases of cold beer. So Charlotte made up with the second best stud. Not because she/he was good in bed, but because she had the key under the pillow.

Mildred or Michael was a spotty faced little disaster who could swing her/his fanny better than any Hollywood movie queen. The only thing she had going for her was the fact her/his hair was a natural blond, a fact she was willing to prove at the drop of her drawers. However she ran away with the third best stud because she cleaned up the Old Man's cabin and knew all the secret orders where the ship was bound

for. When she curled up with her lover she didn't whisper sweet nothings in his ear, she let go with all the ports that were on the list. For such valuable information she was rewarded with a little loving where it hurt the most.

The husky males seek out various forms of relief while the ship is at sea. The sex-hungry not-so-husky types are willing to play second fiddle to a bunch of money grabbing whores. Dolling up in their wild outfits they drag their way around the ocean lanes with a sex hungry group of captive males. After two days at sea, and no woman in sight, even spotted faced Matilda looks good.

Steve or Stella, depending whether it's his mother or lover calling, is quite an expert with a steam iron. He irons shirts better than any laundry. Stella just loves to press those wrinkles out of your shirt while it's still on your back, especially if it's broad, muscular and well sun-tanned. A little laundry goes a long way. Squeezing your duds through soapy water is quite a chore taken off your hands. Of course a plate of food or a cold beer is better, but it's something to have a clean well ironed shirt to go ashore in and meet your favorite whore. So Stella can have her pick (That's PICK) because she can make with the steam iron.

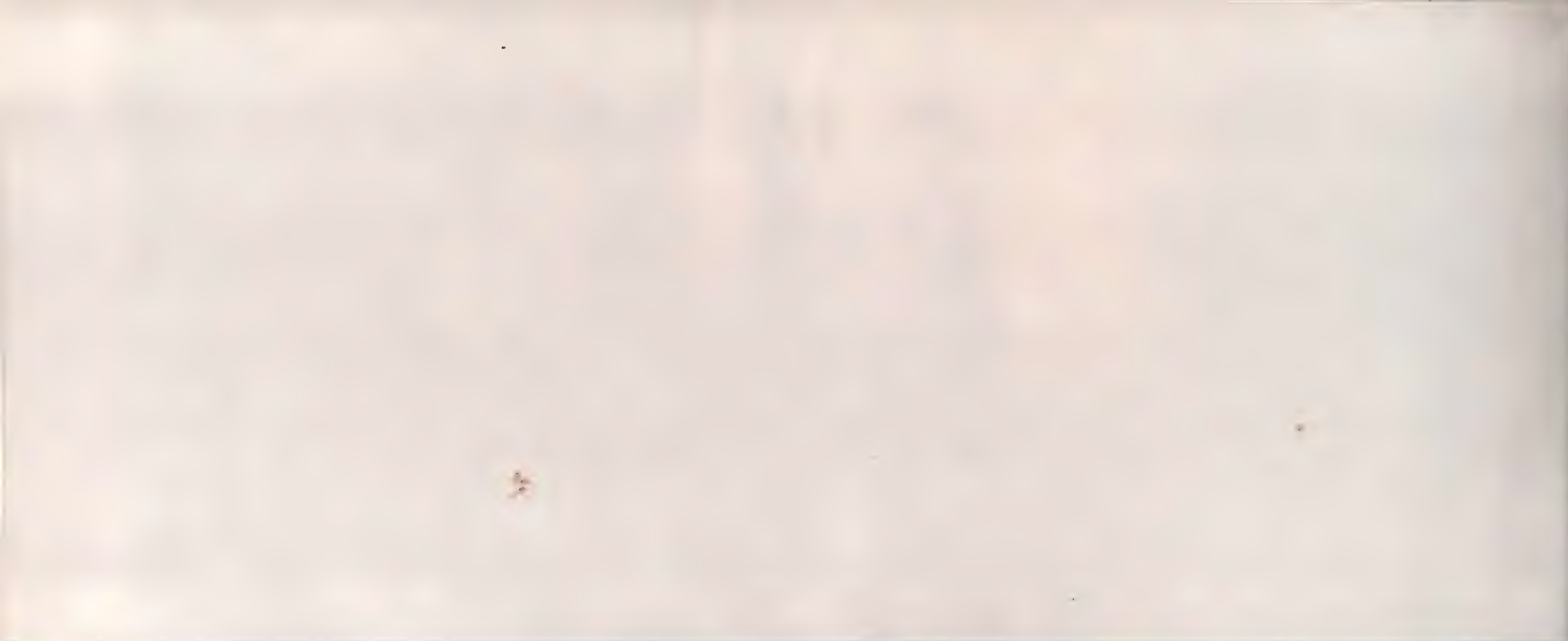
So what do these seafaring "gals" do when the ship is in port and the whores take over the sex chores? Do they sit around and play with each other? Not a chance. They

shop for goodies and act as a rescue mission should one of their men get into trouble. They don't carry banners outside the local whorehouse, but they would like to. They search for drunken seamen and bring them back to bed, saving them from the wicked whores.

The famed Mister Kinsey should have done a little snooping on board ship. His report may have been a little more surprising. Even the huskiest of males will start shopping for sex in an all male market if there isn't any females around. The assistant cooks with their ham and eggs and the cross-eyed Charlottes with a crate of cold beer under the bed are prizes worth considering . . . even at their price. They make out a lot better than little Mary who can only clean a cabin, make a bed and swoosh dust under the carpet. The chances are Mary Mary is not in the least contrary and is quite willing to go down and inspect the "Golden Rivet" morning, afternoon and all night. She's competing with ham and eggs and a cold beer.

If you are thinking of going off to sea. You'll need a little more than a dustpan and broom to make out. If you can't cook, make with the steam iron or hold the key to the beer cabinet, then you had better develop a wiggle like Matilda. Better still develop a muscular back, get plenty of suntan and learn how to operate a radio, then you can tell all those idiots to take the "Golden Rivet" and shove it up their air conditioning outlet.

Sex at sea is how you make it.





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BABY, by William Spain. Baby's biggest thrill was taking on the full grown ape named Ora, but she didn't have a hang-up about it. She'd take on ponies, dogs, her uncle, his friends — even her father. No. 6014 **Only \$2.00**



High School Lesbians on a rollicking Rampage of Lust! **THE SHE LOVERS**, by Lana Preston. The Kenwood Kuties were high school sexpots, dominated by fiery, bisexual Madge Freburg, who wanted to lick virginal Lucy Paxton's reluctance to join the club by prodding her into becoming a member. No. 6008 **Only \$2.00**

SANDRA, by Tom Kent. Teen-age Sandra describes her introduction to sex, from her first penetration to the violation of every orifice of her body, until she became adept at satisfying the perverse pleasures of the men and women who came to her for off-beat sex. No. 6007 **Only \$2.00**

TO EACH HIS OWN, by Randolph O'Brien. Three homosexuals, bent on finding the greatest pleasure in each other's mouths and bodies, are shattered when they find one of their number has defected and actually screwed a girl! No. 2040 **Only \$2.00**

AMOROUS FRENZIES, by Marie Darrieux. Fiery, uninhibited tale of a couple caught in the web of perverse desire, driving them to sexual excesses of which only the French are capable. An unforgettable French classic. No. 935 **Only \$2.00**

Hidden Cameras Provided The Pix That Made Him **A BLACKMAIL BOSS**, by John Farwell. Andrew lusted after the wives of two men who worked for him, but when an orgy was arranged and he watched the women make lesbian love before satisfying him, he didn't know the whole scene was being filmed. No. 3033 **Only \$2.00**



COLETTE, or Les Aventures Galantes, by Spaddy. "Decidedly, there is no woman in the world who is more of a whore than Colette. She is an exhibitionist, a nymphomaniac, gamahucher, a fellatrice, a sodomist, a drinker of spunk, a lick of assholes and of pricks. She is both a young boy and a Don Juan, she has all the vices and evil practices, indulges in all the debauchery even to the point of fornicating with animals, children and cripples." No. 6013 **Only \$2.00**

MALE TALE, by Paul Masterson. Homosexual fun and frolic in this fiery narrative of a boy who learns to swing on a joy stick and sells his talents to any and all comers. A revealing account that proves all homos don't ball their lives up. No. 940 **Only \$2.00**

VERACRUZ, VERACRUZ, by Jack Kahler. CIA man Tom Macklin found the temptation of gold, jewels, guns and poontang too much to keep him loyal to the Agency Oath and defected to a life of sensual, passion-fired ease — after taking tranquilizers to be able to write his last report. No. 3032 **Only \$2.00**

SOUTHERN STALLION, by Spike Regal. Mother and daughter took on the well-hung stud in an effort to drain him of every vestige of lust, but he rose to every occasion, finally leaving them exhausted and begging for mercy. No. 936 **Only \$2.00**

A Frantic Act of Incest! **THE GIRL IN LONDON**, by Terry J. Flemming. Sue Sutton lived only for sex, and when one of her Johns proved to be her father, the forbidden pleasure delighted her a thousandfold. Also contains **SWEET FIFTEEN**. No. 3034 **Only \$2.00**

FEMALE ALLURE, by Diana Alden. Kim and Jenny made love anywhere they could find privacy, but their favorite spot was in the shower, where they could soap their bodies and rub sensuously by the hour before finally achieving that throbbing, thrilling moment of release. . . No. 941 **Only \$2.00**

THE SLAVES OF HELGA BORG, by W. T. Schultzy. Michael found that the glamorous job he'd applied for was a nightmare of cruelty, where inflicting pain gave his mistress kicks and his screams gave her satisfaction — until he found he got his jollies from being hurt. No. 942 **Only \$2.00**

THE GOLDEN HONEY, by James Spencer. Judy's husband never could turn her on, but she responded with fiery lust to the many men who trooped between her dripping thighs. No. 1037 **Only \$2.00**

COME TO ME, by Larry Foster. Helen used hypnosis to allow her the fullest sexual pleasures with her lover, without ever letting him know she was anything but a virtuous virgin — until the one time the hypnosis failed. No. 1038 **Only \$2.00**

THE SECRET LIFE OF SINDY, by Pamelyn Thorpe. Sindy didn't believe her body was responding to what Georgina was doing to her until she had appeased the sweet and terrible hunger awakened by her step-sister. She then followed the path to a full sexual relationship with the girl, until eventually she became the leader. No. 1039 **Only \$2.00**

EVERYTHING HAPPENS IN THE FAMILY, by Lloyd Crawford. A fiery tale of incestuous lust, where brothers and sisters roll together in a frantic search for sexual release, and parents get into the orgy when they discover their children know better ways of sex than they do. No. 6011 **Only \$2.00**

QUICK ONE, by Ben Marten. When Sue Clements could no longer meet her boss for fun and frolic, she quickly set up her sister to satisfy the old Jew's goatish lust — and the fact the young girl was just married didn't stop them all from trysting just as planned. No. 2046 **Only \$2.00**

ALASKA CRUISE, by Rita Storm. Greg felt a flame lick at his loins as his ravenous eyes feasted on the trembling girl. He had had an uncontrollable lust for this piece for the past four years and now he was going to satisfy every desire in full and screw this struggling, beautiful broad. No. 2045 **Only \$2.00**

THE AMOROUS COURTESAN, by Jane LaLoue. She was not a whore, though her body could be bought. The men who paid for her passion paid dearly, for she was the mistress of every form of love, every trick, every artifice to increase a man's carnal pleasure, from delightful techniques with her lips and tongue to that ultimate in sensuality — a red snap- per. No. 2044 **Only \$2.00**

GOING GAY, by Kenneth Morgan. The raw, bleeding story of what happens to a sensitive husband who suddenly finds his passion for his wife has evaporated, and he lusts now only for the bodies of young men. A books that sucks you into its maw and reams your emotions as it comes to a climax. No. 6012 **Only \$2.00**

SWINGING TIME, by Edgar Nelson. Two lusty young studs find themselves on the summer faculty of an isolated girl's school, virtually alone with sixty European girls as hot for love as the studs are to provide it. No. 4046 **Only \$2.00**

BIRD OF PREY, by Lory Shelton. Virginal Julie found herself captive of hawklike Mr. Steinberg, who forced her to learn every despicable sex practice imaginable, making her swallow her humiliation and everything else he had to offer — until the ultimate degradation forced her to escape the old lecher's power. No. 4047 **Only \$2.00**

COME INTO MY ROOM, by James Kuster. Maureen found herself in the grasp of a vicious dyke who tormented her with the 'Eastern feather bath' — masturbating her for hours with the tip of a feather, until the frantic girl screamed her submission. No. 5035 **Only \$2.00**



PLAYTIME PAL VIOLETTE, by Paul Duval. Violette had only one real passion in life, and that was to whip soft and tender women into submission, though she found sexual delight in turning a strong, masculine male into a whimpering slave — until she finds her slave cheating on her with a man she discarded. No. 4045 **Only \$2.00**

CANDID YVETTE, by Paul Giraud. Yvette's chief delight was duping young and innocent girls into accompanying her to the Marquise's, where drugged wine let them both enjoy the unconscious girls' bodies before awakening them and taking them back to their unsuspecting mothers. No. 939 **Only \$2.00**

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Full of the violence and passion of any war or revolution, **BIG GUN RUN** is a film adaptation of a fast-paced short story of the same title. The leading character, Peter Daniels, is a soldier of fortune type American—the only Yankee in the film—who is smuggling arms to guerillas.

The film accurately depicts the story in this exciting opening scene:

An approaching line of white phosphorescence, the coastline of San Marco crept over the horizon. In dictatorial turmoil since its conquest by Spain, the postage stamp country was riddled with bullet holes and soaked with the blood of its people.

With a plop-plop, the craft roller coasted the choppy waters toward the breakers. A few hundred yards out, Peter full throttled the twin outboard engines. As the bow lifted into the air across the breaking surf, his two crewmen lifted the motors out of the water.

His timing was perfect. Momentum carried the light aluminum hull of the cabin cruiser out of the water and safely onto the sandy beach.

"Get this barge unloaded. Pronto!" shouted Peter. Puffing and panting, the three hurriedly passed the narrow rectangular boxes down and stacked them. "Hurry! They'll be here any minute." He pushed his men hard.

"Senor Daniels!" The man waved one arm in gesture down the shoreline. "Headlights, Senor . . . they are coming." The twin light neared, and the grinding engine became audible over the surf.

"That's all the rifles," he panted. "Let them help us with the powder. Relax for a minute," their captain ordered.

Standing on the deck, Peter watched the headlights fade. "Buenas noches," he shouted, and a bullet tore through the flesh in his shoulder

**THE BULLET-
PUNCTUATED
STORY OF A
SOLDIER OF VERY
GOOD FORTUNE!**

BIG GUN RUN







and sent him sprawling onto the deck.

His crewmen answered with their sidearms, and the night turned into a firefly sort of battle, as whizzing bullets were followed by the crack of the rifles that fired them.

Peter arched a grenade into the midst of the assailants, and by the light of its explosion, he saw the uniforms. It was an ambush.

Suddenly the whole forest along the beach opened up with gunfire. First one, then the other of his crewmen fell in screaming death. He was surrounded . . . but the fire from behind was not directed at him. Machine guns burst upon the uniformed men, and Peter felt another hot searing jolt upon his shoulder as he lost consciousness and fell from the battle.

The fire from the forest was, of course, that of the guerillas, who wipe out the regulars. The next scene opens with Peter's view of a French Provincial room, ornately decorated and dazzlingly white, and the face of lovely Theresa Diaz, daughter of the revolutionary leader.

Peter alone has survived the battle, and his crewmen along with Theresa's father, The General, were lost in the battle. Protected by the dense jungle about the plantation-like hideout, Peter is nursed by the girl to health. Excellent photography illustrates his recovery as well as the playful relationships he cultivates with Theresa and other young women about the camp. Indeed, Peter becomes quite the toast of the ladies, whose passions have gone a wanting while the other men devote their lives to the cause.





Knowing that they cannot keep him with them much longer, the women make the most of Peter's presence. Each time that the patrols go out, the scene becomes one of a rollicking, robust orgy. With giggling acceptance, the women gang upon Peter, eager to learn any new ways of making love that this handsome American can teach them.

And each time that the soldiers return, Theresa's brother, who has taken over leadership, finds poor Peter still too weak to venture the homeward trip.

But when word comes to him that his ship is repaired and ready to sail, Peter becomes eager to depart for new adventures. The day before his intended departure, he leads Theresa for a walk into the jungle. The film depicts the fictional narrative:

It was only a twenty minute walk from the plantation house, but the jungle at that distance was so dense that they could not see out of it. Running through the brush, Peter dragged Theresa behind by her slim arm, and their laughter filled the air.

"Have you ever seen this pool before?" She shook her dark hair in answer to his question. "I found it yesterday . . . it's a great place for a swim," Peter smiled at her.

Theresa's face mellowed from the laughter. She gazed into his eyes as he drew her near and unbuttoned the black lace blouse she wore. The perfectly formed orbs of her dark



breasts ended in soft nipples, which he rubbed with his thumbs.

His hands slid down her smooth waist and untied the rope that held her denim trousers. Theresa stepped from them as they fell to the ground, and throwing her arms about Peter's neck, pressed her lips and body against his.

Holding her tight against himself, Peter lifted her slightly into the air, turned a bit, and with his well-healed strong arms, tossed her into the middle of the pool. With a scream of joy, Spanish curses, and a splash, Teresa broke the placid waters of the jungle pool. In record time, Peter left his clothing on the bank and joined her.

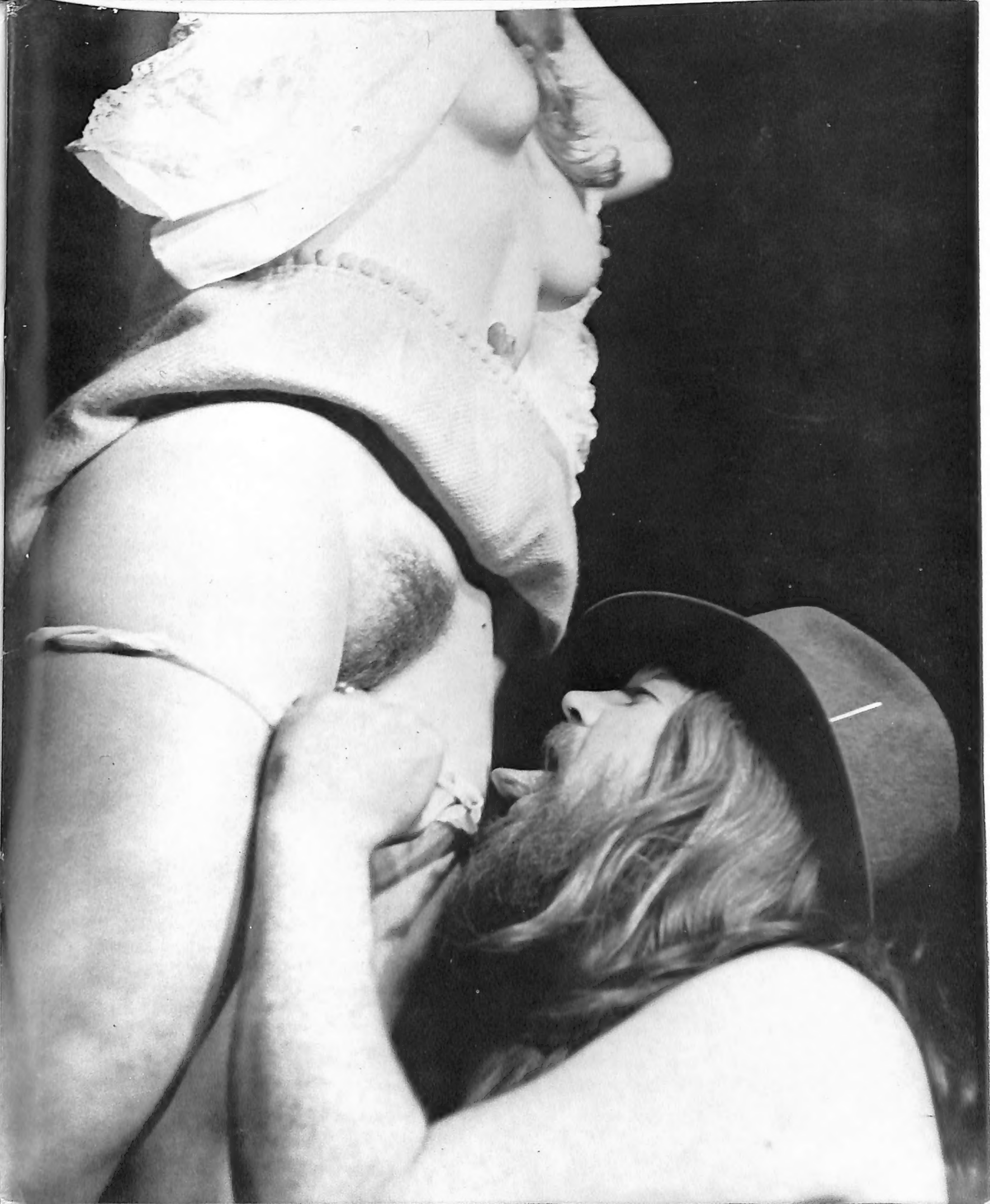
Treading water in the center, they swam close to one another. Gasping and chuckling, they touched each others' skin beneath the waters. Theresa's body was velvety and sensual to his fingers' touch. He reached one hand down to rub between her churning legs.

He was vulnerable, and she dunked him. His head beneath the clear waters, Peter stood on the shallow bottom, holding his breath, supporting Theresa. Pulling her thighs to his face, he lapped with his tongue at the dark hair between her legs until it parted and a warm moisture emptied to mingle into the waters.

It was all she could take. It was also all he could take, and, choking, he came up splashing and gasping for air.

Swimming arm in arm, they dragged themselves to the cool mud of the opposite bank. Grabbing her thighs, he slid himself fully into her, and they writhed in passion in the mud.





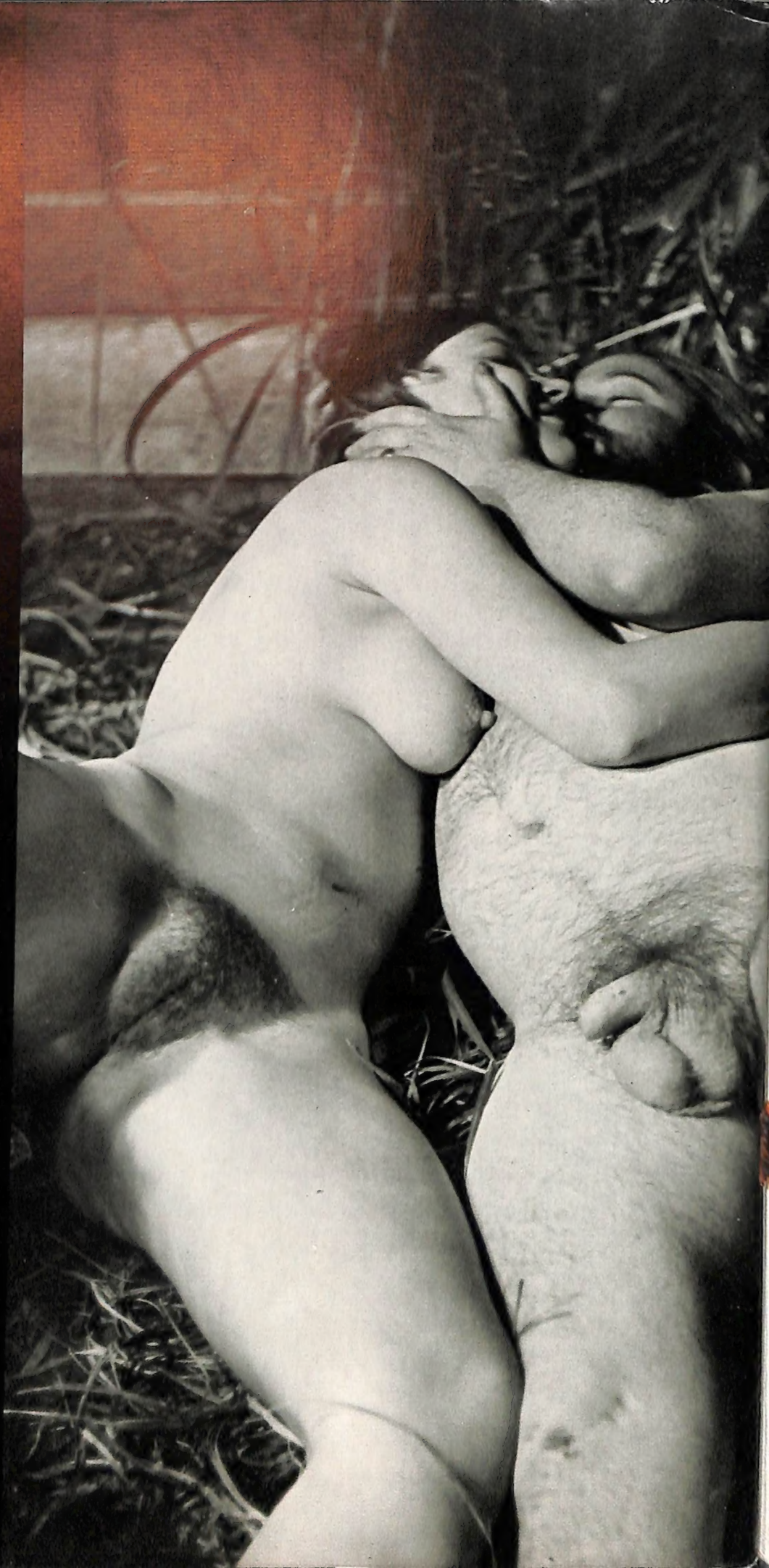
He felt the hard bone beneath her belly pounding down upon him, and he pulled the muscles of his own stomach inward in order to thrust himself further into her warm depths. Theresa's brown muscles in her abdomen strained as she contorted to tighten her grip of love upon him.

He felt his hot soul pouring forth and being collected by the girl, and a crash of thunder as loud as if the earth had split deafened their ears. In instant fear, still affixed to one another, they frantically rolled into the reeds by the bank as the thunder loud sound of fighter jets passed at ground level over their heads.

The film flashes to an inside cockpit shot of the pilot passing over the same scene you have just seen, and not even noticing the naked lovers' scramble. For at that moment, the fighters are releasing their firepower upon the camp, and the film shows the thorough destruction of the camp and the rebels. "To your boat," Theresa remembers. "It's hidden and they probably haven't found it."

As government paratroopers drop about them, they crawl naked through the jungle to the cove where they wait and make love until night-fall. With halfmoon light illuminating the vanishing coastline of San Marco, Theresa swears through her tears: "They can't oppress us forever." "And your brother was kind enough to pack the money aboard," Peter smiles at her and pulls her lips to his for a final kiss.

The producers of this exciting film have asked us to thank the government of Mexico and the Mexican people for their assistance in **BIG GUN RUN**—it's a great screen adventure . . . don't miss it.





a scene from



BIG GUN RUN